

Laws of Death and Magic

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Summary: The Dementor outbreak after Voldemort's return is affecting the cycle of souls - victims are trapped in limbo; no longer alive, but also not in Soul Society, awaiting reincarnation. The Shinigami decide they must intervene, & of course Urahara has a contact in the magical world. A deal is struck; if the Shinigami will protect his students, Dumbledore will do all he can to help them

Laws of Death and Magic

****AN:** Harry Potter/Bleach crossovers are something of a guilty pleasure, and I had to try my hand at my own :). It's hard to find some that are good quality and either completed, or not abandoned. Cross fingers that mine doesn't go the same way.******

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><p>"We have a situation."<p>

Those, Ichigo thought resignedly, were words that he never wanted to hear coming out of Urahara Kisuke's mouth. And yet, there they were.

The blond shopkeeper was watching him over his ever-present fan and under his ever-present hat, grey eyes uncharacteristically serious. Ichigo, Chad, Ishida, Inoue, and Kon sat around the table the way that they usually did when something serious was going on.

"Jeez, what is it this time?!" Kon burst out, stuffed limbs flailing wildly. "Not another nutjob trying to take over and/or destroy Soul Society?!"

Urahara fluttered his fan gently in front of his face. "Now that you mention itâ€¦" he trailed off.

"WHAT?!" The gathered teenagers and lion plushy cried out.

"Just kidding!" The blond sang, laughing mischievously.

Ichigo growled. "Geta-Boushi" | "

"You're no fun, Kurosaki-san." Urahara said petulantly.

"Get to the point, Kisuke." A masculine voice said, as a familiar black cat jumped up onto the table. "Tell them what's going on."

"Yoruichi-san!" Ichigo nodded at the cat-woman, similar greetings echoing from his friends. She nodded back, a smile somehow pulling at the corners of her feline mouth.

Urahara finally put his fan away, revealing the pout he'd been hiding behind it. "Fine, fine, Yoruichi-san," he said. "I'll get right to it." The shopkeeper looked straight across the table, grey eyes locking with brown. "Do you believe in magic, Kurosaki-san?"

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><p>"Nemu!"<p>

The slender fukataichÅ• popped up out of nowhere, summoned by her father/master's call. "Yes, Mayuri-sama?"

Kurotsuchi Mayuri peered at his daughter/creation in annoyance. "What have you been doing, stupid girl?"

"Packing, Mayuri-sama."

"Yes, well, I expect you to be available to me at all times! But anyway," the Twelfth Division taichÅ• swiveled around in his chair, once again facing his giant screen. "Do you remember everything I told you?"

"Yes, Mayuri-sama."

"Don't just say yes! Tell me what your instructions are, fool!"

"Yes, Mayuri-sama. My instructions are to collect as much information about these magic-users and any magical creature as possible, not limited to the Dementors that we have been instructed to eradicate. I am to gather as many samples of this magic as I am capable of, without causing Urahara Kisuke to become suspicious of my actions. I am to capture preferably more than one Dementor and bring them back to you for dissection, without alerting any of my companions. And I am also to find out the exact method of this soul-splitting spell that Tom Riddle has used to prolong his natural lifespan." Nemu calmly reiterated, hands clasped in their usual position in front of her.

Kurotsuchi's lips stretched in an unpleasant grin. "Hm. Maybe I won't have to take you apart after all."

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><p>"Eh?" Zaraki Kenpachi looked down at his tiny fukataichÅ•, who

for once was not hanging off of his shoulder. Instead, Yachiru was standing in her formal position a few steps behind him, alongside the other lieutenants.<p>

Yachiru's big mahogany eyes peered up at him hopefully. "Can I go, please Ken-chan? I want to see the magic people."

Kenpachi had to admit to being thrown. Yachiru had asked for a lot of things over the years, all of which he had given her, but she had never asked for anything like this. They had never been separated for any length of time ever since she had first crawled up to him all those years ago in the Rukongai. Looking at her, his daughter in all but blood (although he didn't think that counted; they'd spilled enough of it together, after all), the Zarakhi no Oni found himself snorting an agreement. "I volunteer the Eleventh Division FukataichÅ•." He said, to which Yachiru let out a happy cheer.

The old man, who was the only person who hadn't reacted at all to Kenpachi's announcement (even that prissy Kuchiki's eyes had widened just a bit) inclined his head in acknowledgement. "It's decided then. Abarai-fukataichÅ•, Kuchiki-fukataichÅ•, Kurotsuchi-fukataichÅ• and Kusajishi-fukataichÅ• will all accompany Urahara Kisuke and the Shinigami Daiko to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, along with their assorted allies."

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><p>"Ichigo!"<p>

"Guh!" Ichigo grunted at the impact of Ririn's human gigai slamming into his chest, her short arms wrapping around his waist. He looked bemusedly down at the mod-soul's blonde head. "Hey, Ririn."

She backed up quickly, blathering excuses that no one believed. She huffed embarrassedly. "Well, anyway! Are you excited for your new mission?"

Ichigo decided not to mention the obvious, abrupt subject change. He shrugged. "I guess. But why'd we have to be put on the protection detail?"

"Because you're so good at it, Kurosaki-san!" Urahara stuck his head through the doorway, apparently having been listening from the other side. "You in particular don't have the reiatsu sensing skills needed to be part of the hunting party anyway, and the SÅ•taichÅ• doesn't want to send too many Shinigami; it would risk the secrecy of the existence of Soul Society. That's why nobody under lieutenant level is coming with us!"

Ririn raised her head proudly. "And that's why we're coming! The three of us are going to help make up the manpower to protect the school efficiently." She gestured at her fellow mod-souls, KurÅ•do and Nova, who were also back in their human gigais instead of their plushies. They nodded in confirmation.

"And why Kon's coming in my human body." Ichigo realized.

"Indeed!" Urahara chirped brightly.

"So which lieutenants are coming?" Ishida asked, pushing his glasses

further up his nose.

"Hmm," Urahara fluttered his fan for a moment in thought. "I do believe that would be our dear Freeloader-san, Kuchiki-san, young Kusajishi-san, and the female Kurotsuchi-san."

Ichigo saw Ishida start. "Nemu-san?"

But he had bigger worries than Ishida's strange relationship with the fukataichÅ• of the Twelfth. "Yachiru's coming?" He asked, images of the tiny lieutenant wreaking havoc in a school full of magical teenagers dancing through his mind.

Inoue was the only one who looked excited by that news.

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><p>"Why the hell am I the one being left behind with all those brats?!" Hiyori demanded, shaking her sandal threateningly at her fellow Visored.<p>

Lisa and Love backed up warily; Hiyori was lethal with those shoes.

"Because you're probably the best option to keep them in line?" Love suggested.

Hiyori stared, unimpressed. She made a very underwhelming picture; not even five foot, blonde pigtails and freckles on her cheeks, one hand on her hip and the other waving a sandal about in the air. Nonetheless, they both knew that aggravating her even more would not be any fun for either of them. Love internally cursed Shinji and Kisuke, who had been the ones to coordinate and put the plan together. Cowards, leaving him and Lisa to deal with their tiny terror of a friend.

"Oh, come on, Hiyori," Lisa suddenly said. "You know you'd rather hang around with Ichigo than traipse around Great Britain looking for soul sucking monsters." That said, she stuck her head back into her perverted manga.

Hiyori frowned. "I guessâ€|" She said slowly. "Those stupid magic monsters sound like shitty hollows. The real fun will be with the berry-bastard at that shitty school!"

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><p>AN: Second chapter is three quarters completed! I shall do my best to update it quickly, seeing as this is kinda a short chapter :). Tell me what you thought of it! Also, figured I should mention that this is set post-Winter War and Fullbringer Arc, no Blood War. For HP, it's set in Sixth year, when everybody knows that Voldemort is back.

** - Kelly **

End
file.